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BY JOHN BROUGHAM, COMEDIAN.

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- 49 Road to Ruin
- 50 Macbeth
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- 57 The Apostate
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- 64 Three Weeks after Mar-

VOL. IX.

- 65 Love
- 66 As You Like It
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- 72 Blue Devils

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- 81 Judus Cesar
- 82 Vioar of Wakefield
- 83 Leap Year
- 84 The Catpaw
- 85 The Passing Cloud
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- 87 Rob Roy
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- 97 Soldier's Daughter
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- 105 Game of Love
- 106 Midsummer Night's
- 107 Ernestine [Dream]
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- 121 The Tempest
- 122 The Pilot
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- 125 Little Treasure
- 126 Dombey and Son
- 127 Parents and Guardians
- 128 Jewess

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- 130 Married Life
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- 132 Rose of Ettrickvale
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- 137 Night and Morning
- 138 Ethlop
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- 142 Eustache Baudin
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- 144 Bold Dragons

VOL. XIX.

- 145 Dred, or the Dismal
- 146 Last Days of Pompeii
- 147 Emeralds
- 148 Peter Wilkins
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- 153 French Spy
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VOL. XXI.

- 161 All's Fair in Love
- 162 Hofer
- 163 Self
- 164 Cinderella
- 165 Phantom
- 166 Franklin [Moscow]
- 167 The Gunmaker of
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VOL. XXII.

- 169 Son of the Night
- 170 Rory O'More
- 171 Golden Eagle
- 172 Riens
- 173 Broken Sword
- 174 Rip Van Winkle
- 175 Isabelle
- 176 Heart of Mid Lothian

VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Actress of Padua
- 178 Floating Beacon
- 179 Bride of Lamermoor
- 180 Cataract of the Gauges
- 181 Robber of the Rhine
- 182 School of Reform
- 183 Wanderer Boys
- 184 Masteppa

VOL. XXIV.

- 185 Young New York
- 186 The Victims
- 187 Romance after Marriage
- 188 Brigand
- 189 Poor of New York
- 190 Ambrose Gwinett
- 191 Raymond and Agnes
- 192 Gambler's Fate

VOL. XXV.

- 193 Father and Son
- 194 Massanello
- 195 Sixteen String Jack
- 196 Youthful Queen
- 197 Skeleton Witness
- 198 Inkeeper of Abbeville
- 199 Miller and his Men
- 200 Aladdin

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- 201 Adrienne the Actress
- 202 Undine
- 203 Jessie Brown
- 204 Amodeus
- 205 Mormons
- 206 Blanche of Brandywine
- 207 Viola
- 208 Desert Deserted

VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Americans in Paris
- 210 Vitorine
- 211 Wizard of the Wave
- 212 Castle Spectre
- 213 Horse-shoe Robinson
- 214 Armand, Mrs Mowatt
- 215 Fashion, Mrs Mowatt
- 216 Glimpse at New York

VOL. XXVIII.

- 217 Inconstant
- 218 Uncle Tom's Cabin
- 219 Guide to the Stage
- 220 Veteran
- 221 Miller of New Jersey
- 222 Dark Hour before Dawn
- 223 Midsum' Night's Dream [Laura Keane's Edition]
- 224 Art and Artifice

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- 225 Poor Young Man
- 226 Ossawatomic Brown
- 227 Pope of Rome
- 228 Oliver Twist
- 229 Pauvette
- 230 Man in the Iron Mask
- 231 Knight of Arva
- 232 Moll Pitcher

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- 233 Black Eyed Susan
- 234 Satan in Paris
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- 240 Masks and Faces

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- 241 Merry Wives of Windsor
- 242 Mary's Birthday
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- 244 Wild Oats
- 245 Michael Erie
- 246 Idiot Witness
- 247 Willow Copse
- 248 People's Lawyer

VOL. XXXII.

- 249 The Boy Martyrs
- 250 Lucretia Borgia
- 251 Surgeon of Paris
- 252 Patricia's Daughter
- 253 Shoemaker of Toulouse
- 254 Momentous Question
- 255 Love and Loyalty
- 256 Robber's Wife

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- 257 Dumb Girl of Genoa
- 258 Wreck Ashore
- 259 Clari
- 260 Boral Felloyty
- 261 Wallace
- 262 Madeline
- 263 The Fireman
- 264 Grist to the Mill

VOL. XXXIV.

- 265 Two Loves and a Life
- 266 Annie Blake
- 267 Steward
- 268 Captain Kyd
- 269 Nick of the Woods
- 270 Marble Heart
- 271 Second Love
- 272 Dream at Sea

VOL. XXXV.

- 273 Breach of Promise
- 274 Review
- 275 Lady of the Lake
- 276 Still Water Runs Deep
- 277 The Scholar
- 278 Helping Hands
- 279 Faust and Marguerite
- 280 Last Man

VOL. XXXVI.

- 281 Belle's Stragem
- 282 Old and Young
- 283 Raffaella
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- 294 Wouder
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- 298 A Bachelor of Arts
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- 302 Nalad Queen
- 303 Caprice
- 304 Cradle of Liberty

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- 305 The Lost Ship
- 306 Country Squire
- 307 Fraud and its Victims
- 308 Putnam
- 309 King and Deserter
- 310 La Flammin
- 311 A Hard Struggle
- 312 Gwinnetto Vaughan

VOL. XL.

- 313 The Love Knot [Judge]
- 314 Lavater, or Not a Bad
- 315 The Noble Heart
- 316 Coriolanus
- 317 The Winter's Tale
- 318 Evelcen Wilson
- 319 Ivanhoe
- 320 Jonathan in England

(Catalogue continued on third page of cover.)

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The Acting Edition.

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TWO ACTS AND FOUR CENTURIES.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM, COMEDIAN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty Seven
by JOHN BROUGHAM, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,
for the Southern District of New York.

AS PERFORMED AT BURTON'S THEATRE, DECEMBER, 1857
AND AT HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, 1858.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

- 155 - ?

COLUMBUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hall of Audience in King Ferdinand's Palace.*

KING, QUEEN, and an entire pack of court cards, discovered.

COMPLIMENTARY CHORUS, ["*Gustavus,*"] *by the courtiers, enthusiastic and ecomiastic, as in duty bound.*

Hail! oh, king of Arragon!
Reign! oh, princely paragon!
Down upon your marrowbone,
 Long live the king!
Monarch mightier is he, sir,
Than Joe Smith or Julius Cæsar,
Brigham Young or Nebuchudnezzar,
 Long live the king!
And hail to Isabella, too,
For she's a right good fellow, too,
And a right good tune to bellow to,
 Is long live the queen!
She's fairer than the fairest fairy,
Sweeter than the Scottish Mary,
Nymph or Nereiad there's n'ary
 One like our queen.

[*Cheers from the administration.*]

King. This cheering fire, defenders of the great,
Is grateful to our royal tympanum, of late
Elated by our victories among
Those mongrel Moors, to hear our praises sung
We've had no time; but now the wars are ended,
And in the usual way, our faith defended,
That is by slaying every slavish minion
Who dares to differ with us in opinion.

Although by proxy those great deeds were done,
 We think we've earned the right to have some fun;
 So loud let every office-holder shout,
 Or else we'll send them to the right about.

[*The several sticks shout accordingly*]

Louder, you puddin' heads, aldermen and all,
 Or else our city hall we'll overhaul,
 And cut your heavy jobs and contracts down,
 And then we'll see who'll represent the town.
 Tell us what news is stirring in the city?

Fonseca. So please you, sire, the Vigilance Committee
 A foolish foreigner this day has found,
 Who swears, confound him, that the world is round,
 And swings, on what the fellow calls its *axis*,
 Just once a year.

King. He's thinking of the taxes.

Fonseca. It taxes both credulity and patience
 To listen to the mountebank's relations.

Queen. Perhaps he's right—let's ask him here to sup,
 There may be something in—

King. My love, shut up.

Fonseca. But that's not all he says.

King. I want to know.

What does he say?

Fonseca. He says, my liege, below
 There is a corresponding half-world—

King. We know better

For did it correspond we'd have a letter.
 We've nothing from that latitude, in fine
 We hav'n't had an equinoctial line—
 So it's all bosh.

Queen. 'Twould be as well to hear
 The man himself.

King. Now, don't you interfere.

Fonseca. And more than this—your majesty will laugh,
 Of course—the fool asserts, the other half
 Has mountains, vallies, seas, just like our own;
 With men and women—

King. What, turned upside down!
 Strange kind of man, to think mankind, like flies,
 Could in such strange position stand—he lies.

Fonseca. But, above all, the chap maintains that gold
 And precious gems lie there in heaps untold.

Queen. What, diamonds?

Fonseca. And pearls of countless price,
 Rubies and amethysts.

Queen. Take my advice

And look into this matter.

King. You look out;

Bell, hold your tongue—we know what we're about.

Let some one summon here this foreign catiff
Who thus presumes to know more than a native.
Hast heard his name ?

Fernando de Tulevera. Columbus.

King. That's a dove.

Queen. I like it—'tis the type of peace and love—
You called me so at first.

King. Be quiet, do ;

Don't talk, my dove, until you head your *coo*.
Who is this pigeon ?

Fernando. I saw him hawking
Some maps and charts ; sad and fatigued with walking,
He rested on a convent step—his son
Lay near him, hunger-pinched and wan
With weakness—yet the heartless crowd passed on,
Even without the tribute of a sigh.

At length, a poor friar, himself not overfed,
Gave to the wanderers a loaf of bread.

The gift was timely, yet the proud man's soul,
I plainly saw, revolted at the dole,
Although 'twas thankfully received. He woke

The famine-stricken boy, and quickly broke
The loaf in two—one half the lad received,
And with such ravenous haste—it deeper grieved
The sorrowing man. I read his anxious fears ;
I saw the dry crust moistened with his tears,
And turned away dimsighted and heart-sick.

King. I'll take my oath that friar was a brick.

He's poor, it seems, despite of all his pains—
Then, ten to one, the fellow's cursed with brains.
If so, I'll steal 'em, for mere brains *alone* are
Seldom any use to the first owner.

[*Laughing heard without*

CHORUS. [*Outside.*]

Laughing Chorus, "Der Freischutz."

Such madman's words, how shall we style 'em ?
The ass has broke from some asylum ;
A world across the western sea !
'Twon't do, Columbus—no, siree.

Ecco Italiani, "Trovatore."

Scizzerere !
Oh fel magia mosbio
As a marchera, che si won't returno,
Scizzerere !
Ti himup to some trio,
Predo, for here he cant Soggiarno !

COLUMBUS.

Columbus. [Without.]

Bi guingo, lam orti the crowdo,
Astar, nota onei se nir.
Ah mi tiseri—
Ah mi tiseri Mustay.
Hadio hadio buta dimo
To geta Sangarie.

Chorus.

Du tell, du tel guist erim
The luni supposes notin.
Scizzerere!
De te nim ti Sonli ad ute uno.

Columbus.

De te nim O damit, de te nim O no.

King. Go, bring him in—and now we'll pump him dryer
Than the dry crust he got from that same friar.

Queen. Unworthy thought.

King. Bell, if there's any tiiu,

You'll tintinnabulate—I mean ring in.
If there's a chance, the main one you won't lose,
But caution and precaution both we'll use.
We'll see this mariner—if aught accrues
From his projected cruise, we won't reject it,
But with the glory of our reign connect it.
By our own royal judgment we'll abide,
And if we find him slippery, let him slide.

Forseca. I hope your majesty will deign to pause.
Before this man, who scouts our mundane laws,
You thus encourage—our estate it shocks
That he should trifle with the orthodox.
The church has settled that the world is flat.

King. There cannot be the slightest doubt of that.
He comes—don't fear, we'll find out his intents.

Enter COLUMBUS, peddling stationery.

Col. Twenty-five maps of the world for four cents.

King. Who are you, stranger, that with daring speech
A new cosmogany presume to teach?

Col. A ci-devant poor flat-boat captain, sire.

King. Flat broke 'twould seem to judge from your attire.
Go on, unfold yourself, pay out.

Col. My lord, I will.

Will you oblige me with the chord!

[To leader

BIOGRAPHIC CANTATA.

Introductory Recitative.

Mio simplissima storio dost thou requesto,
 Oh give earo unto mi relazioni,
 But if this foreign lingo, you cannot digesto
 I'll try the purissimo Anglo Saxoni.

Aria Familiaria.

My name it is Columbus, I was born in Genoa
 Of poor but honest parents, so the story always goes.
 My father was a mariner, and he mar-ri-ed my mother there,
 And I was the offspring as you may readily suppose.
 Sweet infancy's days when the brain very little *wit* is in,
 As is mostly the case passed unconsciously bye,
 Oh my parent's expected I'd become a steady sober citizen,
 But I was bound to be a sailor boy, by jingo, or die.

For many a long year I have plough'd the wild ocean,
 And many strange notians and natives have seen,
 But now in my head I have got a sort of notion
 That there's some place else somewhere that aint been seen yet.
 To find this place out is the only thing I live for,
 Ambition and fame in that single path lie
 Just to help me along some assistance pray give, for
 I'm bound to find Columbia, by jingo, or die!

King. What is't youv'e got within your silly brain?

Col. A Main land, sire, there is beyond the Main.

Fonseca. Let it remain there.

King. Stop a minute—

We'll hear him talk, there may be something in it.

Queen. Pearls and rubies grow there, we are told?—

King. Now do be quiet;—aye, and lots of gold.

Col. I'm almost weary, sire, of telling o'er
 To Princes all the gifts I have in store,
 For him who will accept the golden key,
 And will for such a chance my patron be.
 To my own land I fain would give the prize,
 But there was no speculation in their eyes,
 And not a real but to realise
 My ardent Spirit's hope's, would they advance,
 French leave I took of them, and unto France
 Laden with gall, pursued my weary way,
 But the great Lewis had by reckless play
 Collapsed his treasury, for like a stoker
 The British King had singed him at drawpoker,
 The winning King I tried, while he was flush,
 But for my suit he did'nt care a rush,

- Now sad and broken down, I've wandered here,
Without one ray my onward path to cheer—
The street my lodging and the stones my bed,
An airy lodging for I've 'nary red!
- Fonscca.* Audacious peddler! what is this we hear—
You say our World is but a hemisphere,
And there's another somewhere under ground
That joined with it goes away's bobbing round.
- Col.* This earth's a globe.
- King.* Well, that's a round assertion—
Then tell us, if you please, just for diversion,
What does it rest on?
- Col.* Circumambient space—
- King.* Circum-fiddlesticks—you *are* a case!
And what's the reason that it doesn't drop?
- Col.* In endless revolution like a top
It sleeps,—thus exquisitely poised in air
By equalized attraction.
- Tonscca.* Fool—beware!
We cannot listen to such words as these,
The stake has blazed for lighter heresies!
- King.* A lunatic—there's not a doubt of that—
But in the meal-tub there *may* be a cat.
- Queen.* Poor man! We must do something for him.
- King.* Stay!
Wait 'till we find out if the thing will pay,
Friend Christopher, we're sorry for your plight,
But pledge our royal word to make it right
If to our realm you'll add some foreign nation,
Rich and disposed to stand extreme taxation,
Prove you can do this, so that none can doubt it,
And we shall give you—leave to set about.
- Col.* But, sire, my scheme needs money.
- King.* Well, then *share* it—
Get up a joint stock and don't over—"bear" it.
- Col.* Craft I must have to sail in.
- King.* "Quantum suf."
Once you're in Wall street, you'll find craft enough,
You dreamy fellow's, that don't know the ropes
Sit down and starve upon your empty hopes,
While sharper dunces thrive.
- Col.* I fain would know
The way.
- King.* To raise the wind you'll have to "blow,"
We'll call our company—"the *Anti-Panic*
Perpetual Gold Producing Oceanic,"
And true *de facto* high old "Life and Trust—"
Bound in due time to spread itself—
- Col.* And bust.
- King.* Of course, but not till we go in and win,

- Capital we'll call five millions to begin.
Col. I shall not need a third.
King. Oh! have no fears,—
 We must provide for fast clerks and cashiers,
 Armies of "Blowers"—"Runners" and "Advisers"—
 "Committees"—"Lobbyers" and "Advertisers"—
 And for your president a small gratuity.
 Some thirty thousand would'nt hurt us.
Col. Query!
King. You would'nt go below our friends in Erie—
Col. My aspirations, sire, you only mock
 Who would be fools enough to take such stock:
King. Who, Sir?—Why everybody! what stupidity,
 If you but nicely tickle their cupidity!
 I'll prove it in an instant. Ho! a Court!
 [*The court makes an immediate advance*]
 My lords, we're going to make you a report
 Of the first meeting for consolidation,
 Of our new filibustering association,—
 I mean for the encouragement of emigration,—
 Present—the president, myself—ahem!
 Secretary and Treasurer *pro tem*—
 Profits enormous, and the outlay small.
Col. An old man's wearied life, perhaps, that's all.
King. Who'll venture while the wheel of fortune whirls,
 Dividend's paid in gold or Jersey pearls:
 You should'nt let a chance like this go bye.
Ferdinand. I'll take some stock!
Courtiers. And I—and I—&c.
Fonseca. Just put me down.
King. Archbishop, you a byer?
Fonseca. Prudence is a cardinal virtue, sire.
King. Now we must try the street—Pope say's you know,
 Man wants but [*Jacob*] little here below—
 And we're all right.
Col. Then care and sorrow's past,
 Hope dawns and life's worth living for at last!
 [*Flings away maps and stands abstracted*]
Fonseca. Look at the peddler!
King. Just as sure as fate
 He's in a beautiful clairvoyant state!
 Columbus! Why are you in such amaze?
Col. Time onward passes, and my mental gaze
 Is on the future, lo! I see a land
 Where nature seems to frame with practised hand
 Her last most wonderous work! before me rise
 Mountains of solid rock that rift the skies,—
 Imperial vallies with rich verdure crowned
 For leagues illimitable smile around,
 While through them subject seas for rivors run

- From ice bound tracts to where the tropic sun
Breeds in the teeming ooze strange monstrous things—
I see upswelling from exhaustless springs,
Great lakes appear upon whose surface wide
The banded navies of the earth may ride,
I see tremendous cataract's emerge
From cloud aspiring heights, whose slippery verge
Tremendous ocean's momentarily roll o'er,
Assaulting with unmitigated roar
The stunned and shattered ear of trembling day
That wounded, weeps in glistening tears of spray !
- King.* We grieve your sensibility to shock,
See something else or down will go our stock.
- Col.* I see upspringing from the fruitful breast
Of the beneficent and boundless West,
Uncounted acres of life-giving grain,
Wave o'er the gently undulating plain,
So tall each blade that you can scarcely touch
The top !
- King.* Ah ! now, my blade, you see too much.
- Col.* Within the limits of the southern zone
I see plantations, thickly overgrown
With a small shrub in whose white flower lies
A revenue of millions !
- King.* You surprise
Us now, we'll cotton to that tree !
Go on, old fellow, what else do you see ?
- Col.* Some withered weeds—
- King.* Pool !
- Col.* From which men can evoke
Profit as wonderful !
- King.* From what ?
- Col.* From smoke.
- King.* Ah, now you're in the clouds again. Good gracious !
Think of the stock, and don't be so fugacious.
- Col.* I see a river, through whose limpid stream,
Pastolus like, the yellow pebbles gleam ;
Flowing through regions, where great heaps of gold,
Uncared for, lie in affluence untold,
Thick as autumnal leaves, the precious store.
- King.* My eyes ! why didn't you see that before ?
We'll go ourself, we mean we shall " go in."
Go on.
- Col.* I see small villages begin,
Like twilight stars, to peep forth timidly,
Great distances apart ; and now I see
Towns, swol'n to cities, burst upon the sight,
Thick as the crowded firmament at night.
I see brave science, with inspired soul,
Subdue the elements to its control ;
On iron ways, through rock and mountain river,

Impelling mighty freights, by vapor driven ;
 Or with electric nerves so interlace
 The varied points of universal space.
 Thought answers thought, though scores of miles between—
 Time is outstripped—

King. We're not so jolly green.
 My friend, come, ain't you getting rather steep ?
 We beg to probability you'll keep.
 What see you now ?

Col. The plethora of wealth
 Corrupt and undermine the general health.
 I see vile madd'ning fumes incite to strife,
 Obscure the sense and whet the murderer's knife.
 I see dead rabbits—

King. That's enough—give o'er ;
 It won't be prudent to see any more.
 You've evidently over-taxed your head—
 Just take a whiskey skin and go to bed.
 Meantime, we give our royal approbation
 To your grand scheme of general annexation ,
 And that in stealing gold you may not cease,
 Receive the order of the "Golden Fleece."
 I must keep dark—of course you have the "nous"
 To pass judiciously the custom house.

Col. It will be hard, I know, to put the blinders
 Upon the new marshall Don Isaiah Rynders.
 Our freight, mere farming implements we'll call—
 A cargo of threshing machines—that's all.

King. The oyster trade just now is rather bad,
 We know a couple of sloops that can be had
 Dirt cheap for cash. We'll give you the command,
 And you can start at once.

Col. I'll be on hand
 At any moment, sire, that you propose—
 My trunk is packed, when I put on my clothes.
 Hope and your royal favor to my heart
 Ambition impulse energy impart,
 Ere long, like swelling sails, to be unfurled ;
 Blow, friendly gales, they'll bring you back a world.

King. Bring back a world ! that would be, I must say,
 Handsome return for such a small outlay.

Queen. Dear me ! does anybody know how late
 It is ?

King. I don't for one.

Queen. It's half-past eight.

King. Good gracious !

Queen. Yes, indeed.

King. Well, don't you worry ;
 We'll go to bed, but as we're in a hurry—
 The scene must operatically end—
 We'll sing good night to our distinguished friend.

SLEEPY CHORUS, *with yawning accompaniment, in which it is hoped the spectators will not join.*

Fonseca. "Enchantress."

We are so nappy that to bed we must start,
The courtier doth easily lie ;
To make us happy, though before we depart,
A night-cap I'll have on the sly.
Oh deary me, how sleepy are we,
Ye—ah!—aw! [*yawning,*] &c.

Duetto Cordiali. Ferdinand and Columbus.

Sonny, all right, good night,
We'll meet at breakfast in the morning,
And take a bite when the early light
Of the morn gets up, the dawn adorning.
In all the independent journals
We'll have a first-rate notice ;
To succeed without the aid of the diurnals,
We know now-a-day no go 'tis, &c., &c.
[*All go off with bed candlesticks.*]

SCENE II.—*A modest and retiring apartment in the palace.*

COLUMBUS *enters with a nightcap, which, in a moment of abstraction, he swallows.*

Col. I've made a precious bargain here, I swear—
This downey king expects the lion's share
And hasn't taken one, the common way
In which the poor world-worker gets his pay.
On one side, enterprise, toil, danger, death!
And on the other, monthfuls of mere breath.
A vain man—worshipped, transitory name,
But ah! to sparkle in the heaven of fame
Eternal as itself, and life outlast,
Still ever-present in the living past.
To think one's memory may fill unsought
A Sovran throne within the realm of thought,
When piled up centuries their shadow flings
Across the records of forgotten kings ;
What to such destiny are earthly joys ?

FERDINAND, (*the king,*)—*in robe de chambre, and nightcapped*
—*looks from door, r.*

King. Friend Christopher, you're making too much noise ;
Please to remember this is not an inn.

Col. I beg your pardon, sire, it was the gin ;
By that, and your kind promises elated,
I own I did feel somewhat elevated.

King. Well, just blow off your froth and settle down. *Exit.*

Col. All right, your majesty. Oh, great renown,
 What slights aspiring poverty endures
 That through such patrons the great prize secures;
 It riles me even now, to think this thing
 In after ages to my fame will cling,
 And like dead fruit upon the living tree,
 Hang on to my green immortality.
 Could this mean king, unless by my deserving,
 Awake the genius of a Prescott or an Irving!
 There's no use moralizing now, because
 What will be will be, as what has been was.
 And talking of what will be—a strange thought
 Just crossed my mind with difficulty fraught:
 If some small scribbler, in a future day,
 Should try to weave my story in a play,
 I'm curious now to know what he would do
 For female interest to carry through
 His plot, if any, for *my wife's* at home;
 I couldn't ask her majesty to roam
 Amongst my rude adventures—I guess
 He'll find himself in a delightful mess.
 He'll want a heroine, the rules despotic—
 Hollo! that gin, by jingo, *is* narcotic. [Yawns.
 Where can he find one? Out of some French play,
 No doubt; that will be, then, the usual way.
 French thought, French plot, French wit, French moral, cast,
 And published, probably, by French, at last.
 I'm going—going—gone. [Sleeps.

COLUMBIA *appears in luminous opening, at back—comes forward and touches COLUMBUS, who starts, and looks at her with astonishment.*

Colum. Columbus, wake!
Col. Hollo, ma'm, who are you, for gracious sake—
 Attired in such extraordinary guise?
Colum. It's strange you should exhibit such surprise.
 Don't you know your own child?
Col. I'm not so wise
 A father.
Colum. No! nor yet old Uncle Sam?
Col. Haven't the honor.
Colum. Well, his niece I am,
 In fact the genius of the mighty land
 On which will rest your name and fame.
Col. I understand.
 You're Hail Columbia, then—well, I declare,
 I'm very glad to see you—take a chair.
Colum. Excuse me.
Col. From your cap and spangled bodice,
 I took you first for Crawford's sculptured Goddess.
Colum. And so I am—myself and Liberty
 Are one

- Col.* Thus, undivided may you ever be.
- Colum.* I feel obliged.
- Col.* Pray tell me, if you please,
Are you that same liberty Demosthenes
So thundered for, until the cute invader
Beneath the patriot espied the trader,
And putting golden pebbles, it is said,
Into his mouth, shut up his noisy head?
- Colum.* Alas, I am, and *you* need not be told
That by such *patriots* I'm always sold.
- Col.* Likely enough; but may I make so bold
As most respectfully to ask, what is it
Produces me the honor of this visit?
- Colum.* Of course you know you're sleeping in that chair?
- Col.* I did *not* realize the fact, I swear.
But if you say that——
- Colum.* I assure you.
- Col.* Oh!
- It's quite enough for you to tell me so.
- Colum.* You wish to know, then, why I made this call?
- Col.* If not too much to ask——
- Colum.* Oh, not at all.
You were just now much puzzled in your mind
In wondering where a dramatist could find
A heroine——
- Col.* Yes, I remember.
- Colum.* Look at me——
I mean, with you, to cross the Western Sea.
- Col.* But what induces you so far to roam?
- Colum.* Simply the wish to reach my future home
As quickly as I can. By adverse fate
Compelled reluctantly to emigrate,
My business here is virtually ended,
The firm of "Freedom & Company" in fact suspended.
- Col.* I'm sorry to hear that—'twas my belief
That your investments here were just as safe
As—the Bank of England, I was going to say,
But lately that comparison won't pay.
- Colum.* But see, 'tis morning—your effects are stored,
The ship awaits us—shall we go on board?
Conveying Liberty, that humble bark
Unharm'd shall ride, and like the primal ark,
Where its keel rests another world arise,
And Freedom hang its shingle on the skies.
- Col.* Are my prophetic visions, then, so near
Fulfilment? Oh, I feel uncommon queer;
Is it ambition so distracts my head,
Or last night's "tod" before I went to bed?
- Colum.* Courage, Columbus; you have scenes of strife
Before you—even periling your life.

- But I'll be with you in the hour of need.
Col. I'm very much obliged to you, indeed—
 Thankful such guardianship to have secured.
 Between ourselves *my* ship is not insured.
Colum. I'll take the risk. Behold our banner spread! [*Displays flag.*
 Protection dwells within its folds.
Col. "Nuf ced."
 I'm game to follow that, so go ahead.

SONG—*Columbus.* "*Star-Spangled Banner.*"

Oh, say, shall I see, ere my soul takes its flight,
 Though the last ray of life should be fitfully gleaming,
 A new country arise, on whose banner of light
 Freedom's sons may behold the bright heaven of their dreaming
 Should a factious hand dare
 Its prond folds to impair,
 May it withering fall, and Columbia still bear
 Her own star-spangled banner, forever to wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 [*Exeunt, L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*The stage represents the deck of the Santa Maria.*

COLUMBUS and his rude assailers discovered in threatening attitudes.

STRIKING CHORUS OF MUTINOUS MARINERS.

[*Taken from miscellaneous sources.*]

- "Our captain swears he'll have his fling
 So come let's fling him in the 'frigidum sine,'
 For an old salt, 'tis just the thing,
 At home he'll be in the middle of the briney."
- Col.* [*Sings.*] Must I be dished, while thus so surely
 Verging on the land of Plato,
 Its hard to be so prematurely
 Dropped just like a hot potato.
- Sancho.* We'll give you one more chance unless you wish
 To give a free lunch to the hungry fish,
 You'd better take it, far enough we've come,
 So just 'bout ship at once and let's go home.
- Col.* My home is on the rolling deep.
- Pedro.* In another minute
 Your home, depend upon it, will be in it.
- Bartol.* We've made up our minds, our grub and grog
 Are fading fast, there's not an egg for "nog"
 Left in the hatchway, if you don't consent
 To take the back track, it is our intent
 To sack you first and then to sack your stores!
- Col.* Oh, men intractable, your chief implores
 But one day longer!

Sancho. Not another hour!

All. No! no!

Col. Before such brutes 'tis cowardly to cower,
While I have life, right onward will I steer!

Bartol. We'll cut your tiller-ropes soon never fear!
No longer listen to his common pleas,
Seize the old tar and pitch him in the seas!

[*They make dangerous demonstrations.*]

Col. Oh! Spirit of my vision, where art thou?
On thee I call, redeem thy promise now!

Enter COLUMBIA.

Colum. She's here! [*Sailors shrink back in affright*]

Col. I'm saved!

Colum. What means this horrid din?
If its a free fight, you can count me in!
So many against one, now understand
To aid the weak I'll always be on hand!

Col. The Indian Empire's mine, your threats I mock
Rebellious *Seapoy*s, now I "have-a-lock,"
Will shut you up!

Sancho. Hallo! My precious wig,
Here's a strange craft with a new fangled rig!
Where do you hail from?

Colum. Back, senseless crew!
'Tis just such mindless reprobates as you
That mar the calculations of the wise,
And clog the wheels of glorious enterprize!

Pedro. Pshaw! this palaver, mam's all very well,
But where we're driving to if you could tell,
We'd like it better.

Colum. [*To Columbus*] You are not so blind
But in the passing current you can find
Sure indications that the land is near.

Col. Within my heart I thought so, but the fear
Of raising hopes the end might not fulfil,
Stifled the new-born thought, and kept me still.
See! See! What's floating there?

Sancho. By jingo! greens!
And now I smell—

Pedro. What? Orange groves?

Sancho. No, pork and beans!

Pedro. Hogs! then hurrah! our tribulation ends,
Its very clear we're getting among friends!

Bartol. Look, look, here's something else now passing by.

[*They fish up a piece of Connecticut pasivy.*]

All. What is it?

Colum. What, you pumps, why pumpkin pie!

Sancho. What's this?

[*Fishes up immense walking-stick with knobs on it*
A knobby stick

And on the knob
Inscribed distinctly—

All. What?
Sancho "The Empire Club.
"The owner fitly will reward the finders
"If it's returned—"

All. To whom?
Sancho. "To Marshall Rynders.

[*A Play-Bill is fished up.*

Au. What's this?
Colum. A bill of Burton's Theatre, you noodles!
Col. What are they doing now there?
Colum. "Sleek and Toodles."

Col. I hear the birds.
Colum. They're cat-birds if you do.
Col. The cat bird's song must be "the wild sea-mew,"
There's music somewhere nigh.

Colum. Don't be emphatic,
It's Dodworth's band on board the Adriatic,
She'll pass us soon upon her trial trip,
Look at her well, Columbus, such a ship
You never saw—and never will, I swow,
Unless he dream it, as he's doing now.

[*The Adriatic passes across, the Band playing "Yankee Doodle."*

Colum. See where she steams majestically down.
Sancho. My eyes and limbs, why it's a floating town!
Col. Right against wind and tide and not a sail,
The flying dutchman, that is, without fail:
Hurrah! look there, I'll take my oath I spy land!

Colum. Of course you do.

Col. What is it?

Colum. Coney Island!

[*All the sailors cluster around Columbus.*

Sancho. Oh, glorious admiral, upon our knees
We ask forgiveness—

Col. See what men are these
Attired in such extraordinary style?

Colum. They are the magnates of Manhatta's Isle,
Every distinguished guest they're bound to meet
And feed—don't fear, they can afford to treat,
For hospitality's a public trait,
Therefore the public can't object to pay.

[*Castle Garden extends itself from the Battery. Pier No. 1 appears, crowded with Reception Committees, &c. Columbus landed with the usual honors. "That Gun" takes its usual noisy part in the demonstration. Columbus is surrounded by enthusiastic admirers. Columbia remains unnoticed in the back-ground. Banners displayed on which are inscribed "Columbus for Mayor," "The People's Choice," "Columbus for Governor—Down with anybody else," "Columbus for President," "Liberty for ever," "Who dare oppose us."*

1st Cit. Welcome, old tar!

2d Cit. Old fellow, how do you do?

Col. Exceedingly well, I thank you, how are you?

1st Committee Man. Here, take my arm and let's escape the crowd

2d C. M. Hello! this pipe-laying can't be allowed!

His party has no chance, sir, we can lick it,
With such a name as yours upon our ticket.

C. Man. You see we've lost no time. [*Points to Banners.*]

Three cheers for Columbus! [*They cheer vociferously.*]

Colum. As I expected

By those time servers, I'm of course neglected.

2d Com. Keep silence there for the address!

[*About to read long document*]

1st Com. Go 'long!

Dry up! Where's Kerrigan? let's have a song!

All. Hurrah! a song, a song!

FINALE—*Dis-concerted piece, by the antagonistic Politicians.*

Chorus, "*Gustave*" *Vive le Roi.*

Swearing death to all who cave

What care we for the law?

He who bolts, we'll touch the knave

On the raw, on the raw.

Hearts that gold and rum inspire

Legal threats ne'er can fright,

He who slumps we'll knock him higher

Than a kite, than a kite.

Infernal Row, a la Robert le Diable.

Sound the tangrang and the hibang

Let the cowbell ding-dong;

Blow the riprack and the gripsack.

And the soft hotel gong!

Shout away it does'nt matter what you say,

Tol de dol de diddle day.

The Curtain Falls to Babylonish Confusion.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*In which the spectators are gratified by another view of the same palace, but in an empty state. It being the 1st of May HIS MAJESTY moves in, followed by RODRIGUEZ DE FONSECA.*

King. Archbishop, we're dyspeptic, dull, ennuyed,
And some amusement very sadly need.

Fon. Sire, I'm your soul's physician, solely, so,
What medicine to prescribe I hardly know,
The operatic folk are here to day,
And give, I'm told, a splendid *matinee*.
The sweetest singing birds I understand
That ever came from song's own native land,
Delicious Italy!

King. Delicious goose!
You know the squalling's only an excuse,
The whole affair you may depend upon its
Only an opening show of new spring bonnets.

Fon. A play perhaps might quicken your sensations.

King. I'm sick of local plays and French translations.

Fon. The model artistes—

King. [*Virtuously indignant*] What?

Fon. Not as originally
Shown, but etherialized---there's a new ballet.

King. No, no, I'm tired of their old Grandpas,
And can't translate their jumps and entrechats.

Fonseca. Some painting's have arrived, sir, which are said
To be superior.

King. Is the artist dead?

Fonseca. Not yet, my liege, I think.

King. Ah, that's a pity
They won't sell 'till he *is*, in this great city.

Fonseca. I scarce know what amusement to propose—
Were you in temper for exciting shows
We might go hear the aldermen debate,
Or the police commissioners dilate
On party straws, while through the city's walks
High-handed rowdyism rampant stalks.

King. Be good enough to change the conversation
We cannot help the city's situation,
If it's inhabitants don't watch the game
And see all's fair, they've but themselves to blame
Rule or mis-rule depends upon their voice
They pay's their money and they has their choice,
Can you suggest no kind of recreation
To quell this hypochondriac sensation?

Fonseca. Well, let's see, Sire—if you have the leisure
You might, combining piety and pleasure.

Cook a few heretics.

King. [*Rising up.*] That *would* drive off the blues !
I *could* enjoy a dozen roasted Jews
On the half-shell—

Fonseca. Sire, I regret to say
We're out of Jews, upon your last birth day.
We dressed them all.

King. Why, what a burning shame !
Is there nothing unorthodox that you could name ?

Fonseca. Scores of poor debtor's in our prison's dwell—

King. Would rather fry of course,—they'll do as well.

Enter DIEGO, *unceremoniously.*

King. What ho ! Diego, whence this anxious face ?

Diego. [*Present's Telegraph.*] A Telegraph, your highness, from
Cape Race.

King. For us it seems—well, what of that, my lad ?

Diego. Sire, I'm in hopes there may be news from dad !

King. [*Unfolding strip of paper.*
Faith it's extensive, from it's length I guess
T'was meant for the associated press !

[*Reads.*
"Discount increased"—"Fund's easy"—"Cotton"—"bother
"The Queen's expected soon to have another"—

Diego and Fonseca. [*Naturally surprised.*] What ?

King. "Drawing room"—Pshaw ! they leave that line set up
"Improved stock"—"Agricultural prize cup"—
Ah ! here we are—"Now coming through the sound
The Sloop Santa Maria homeward bound.

Diego. "Freighted with odds and ends, and Yankee Notions."
Dad coming home ! huzza ! I hope and trust
The old boy's brought back plenty of the dust
If so his pockets will be soon attacked,
I'm denced short just now, and that's a fact.

King. Our admiral returned, with lots of gold
Of course, our Bell this good news must be told !
Ah ! here she is !

Enter ISABELLA *and the whole Court.*

King. Come, Bell, our oceanic stock's
Right up, we'll have a pocket full of rocks.

Queen. I'm glad to hear such welcome sounds as these !
Beck's bill is stiff and so is Tiffanny's.

Fonseca. Columbus back ! from him I'll take the shine
Or else his star will overshadow mine.

King. We're in such jolly spirits we could sing—
And will—play up ! [*To leader of orchestra*

Leader. What, sire ?

King. Oh ! anything.

Leader. The gold song from "Robert ?"

King. That's just the thing!

Singular vocal melange—KING.—“Robert le Diable.

Gold, gold, gold, is no chimera
 Though sung to the opera stalls,
 Bold, bold, bold, to risk so queer-a
 Joke within the opera walls,
 Where so much capital moulders
 And the dividends don't come along
 Every blessed shareholder's
 Most unmistakably sold for a song.

Choral interruption—“Rigoletto”

Hard times, hard times, we've suffered
 Enough by the hard times
 Par-times, par-times, we'll soon have the regular par-times!
 Star times, star times, Columbus will bring in the star times!
 Let's meet him, and greet him
 With a hip! hip! hip! hurrah!

Selfish and unprincipled solo—FONSECA.—“Poor Soldier.”

Now the money panic,
 Lately so tyranic,
 Is bound to start it's apple-cart
 Before the “Oceanic.”
 Oh! the “Oceanic!”
 I owe the “Oceanic”
 A heap for shares, so unawares
 Must “bear” the “Oceanic.”

Solo—DIEGO.—“The Quaker's Wife.”

Father and I are both in town,
 For up he's got to poney,
 Or I shall have to simmer down,
 And think of matrimony.

Her Majesty signifies her intentions—“Jeannette and Jeannot.”

Oh! I'll have such brilliant parties now as never yet were seen,
 For lately my allowance was particularly mean,
 But now the specie's flowing in, the banks will all be flush,
 And you had best believe it, that we'll go it with a rush.

“Lucy Neal.”

And all will you see kneel,
 Oh, all will you see kneel,
 Before the great and mighty dollar
 All will *you* see kneel.

Enter FERNANDO.

Fernando. My liege! my liege!

King. Why, what irruption's this?
Or rather interruption, what's amiss?

Fernando. Nothing, my liege, I bear you welcome news!
Columbus!

King. That's another pair of shoes!

Has he returned?

Fernando. Just landed, and I'm told
Has brought you, sire, about a ton of gold!

King and all. A ton!

Fernando. More or less,
As New Year's gifts he brings
From the New World such rare and curious things
As he could pick up in so short a stay
Which at your royal feet he beg's to lay!

King. Now curiosity our bosom shakes!

We grant his suit, go hurry up the cakes!

Fonseca. Your highness, this ambitious man I fear,
Puffed by success, will cause disturbance here,

King. Don't be alarmed, we know what we're about;

When we have turned the vagrant inside out

In kingly style—away he'll have to pack—

We'll take his presents and give him the sack.

[All the courtiers crowd the sides, kept back by guards.]

Fonseca. Where are you pushing to! stand back!

[The Trans-Atlantic procession files in in the following order: A small detachment of Police to clear the way—a group of Indian slipper and smoking cap sellers, with their banner. A glass ballot box, carried by a politician of character, supported by a few distinguished members of the "Dead Rabbit Club." The Prince of Humbugs, mounted on a superbly-equiparisoned woolly horse, and attended by a live mermaid and the nurse of Washington. Two Ethiopians, bearing respectively a mint julep and a sherry cobbler. Cuttle, Sleek and Toodles, arm-in-arm. King Powhattan, Pocahontas and John Smith. The Almighty Dollar, in regal robes, and promiscuously attended. All the States, represented by beautiful young ladies, surrounding COLUMBUS. An allegorical mask, interrupted by noise without.]

Col. What tumult's that?

New York. Miss Kansas, I suppose

She's crying to get in.

Col. What, with her bleeding nose?

I told her she would have to wait a cure,

And when her Constitution could endure

Fatigue, she might come in. Why here she is!

[KANSAS enters and causes great confusion among the States, the IMP OF DISCORD attends her, who is finally quelled by COLUMBIA, and harmony is restored.]

King. Columbus, we are pleased.
 Queen. And we—
 King. Keep shady!
 Bell. Won't you introduce me to your lady? [To Col.
 Col. Only too proud. Columbia!
 Col. I'm on hand!
 Col. Let me present you to King Ferdinand,
 Queen Isabella.

[COLUMBIA shakes hand energetically with their majesties to the great consternation of the Court.

Col. Hollo! What's out?
 Col. My pet,
 You've outraged all the rules of ettiquette.
 Col. What should I do?
 Fon. Why kneel, the rules demand it.
 Col. I can't—my constitution wouldn't stand it.
 King. We'll wave the ceremonial. Can these be
 Your children that we look at?
 Colur. Yes, sirree!
 I have a few more young uns on the "farms"
 Besides one most unruly babe in "arms,"
 Miss Utah, but we soon shall cure her ills
 With some steel drops and "*Harney's*" leaden-pills!
 King. Columbus, what reward can we bestow
 On you for giving us this goodly show?
 Col. My liege if I've accomplished well my task
 And gained your favor, it is all I ask.
 Our fillibustering scheme I've carried through,
 The country's safe, and now belongs to you.
 Bye and bye, perhaps, when they've experience bought,
 They may return us the same blow we taught.
 King. Such magnanimity our bosom charms,
 So we present you with—a coat of arms,
 Together with the name and rank of "Don—"
 Fon. My liege, our precincts now you trench upon,
 'Twill be bad precedent to lift poor merit
 Up to their level, who by blood inherit.
 What has he done except what I or you
 Or any accidental fool could do?
 Col. I'll tell you—
 Col. Don't be riled, I'll see you through,
 Bring me an egg. [The egg is brought.
 If you're with skill endowed
 To make this egg stand up, I'll treat the crowd.
 [They individually try the experiment which is a failure all round
 Diego. I'm beat!
 Fernando. I'm sold!
 King. We're bothered.
 Fon. Where's the fun

In this? It's evident it can't be done.

Colum. Oh! yes it can!

King. We'd like to see the way.

Fon. I'll stake my head it can't!

Colum. "A dreadful lay,"

Here's to decide it! Now behold, oh king,
What great effects from such slight cause will spring!

[*Gong.* *The scene shifts for itself and discovers the egg of Columbus, being much magnified, which changes to the Temple of Fame, in which are grouped a selection from American celebrities on a pyramid. Columbus takes his place.*

Finale.—"Hail Columbia."

Hail Columbia's honored band,
Hail ye worthies of the land,
By freedom broke
From the foreign yoke,
We the benignant stars invoke
Protection evermore,
To shed upon thy friendly shore.
May Columbia's happy land,
Rifted by no traitor hand
United be
From sea to sea
The home of *Peace* and *Liberty*!

THE END.

(Catalogue continued from second page of cover.)

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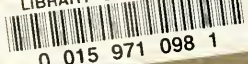
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